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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

AN HOUR AT THE PLAY-GROUND.

I sat an hour, to-day, John, beside the old brook stream,
Where we were school boys in old times, when manhood was a dream;
The brook is choked with fallen leaves, the pond is dried away—
I scarce believe that you would know the dear old place to-day.

The school-house is no more, John, beneath our locust trees;
The wild rose by the window side no more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate—the sod they rested on
Has been plowed up by stranger hands since you and I were gone.

The chestnut tree is dead, John, and—what is sadder now—
The broken grape-vine of our swing hangs on the withered bough;
I read our names upon the bark, and found the pebbles rare
Laid up beneath the hollow side, as we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John, I looked for our old spring,
That bubbled down the alder path, three spaces from the swing;
The rushes grow upon the brink, the pool is black and bare,
And not a foot this many a day, it seems, has trodden there.

I sat me on the fence, John, that lies as in old time—
The same half panel in the path, we used so oft to climb—
And thought how o'er the bars of life our play-mates had passed on,
And left me counting on this spot the faces that are gone.

—The Judge.

STORY TELLER.

After the Storm.

"Hark! what is that?"
Leyton grasped the arm of his friend as he spoke, and both paused to listen. From the low-walked but before which they were standing the sound was repeated.

The speaker loosened his grasp with a sigh of relief.

"Why, bless you! it's Lita," he said. "What music the little organ is making to-night."

"Poor little blind girl! How much comfort she takes with it," remarked his companion.

"Yes. When the miners bought that little music box they made a good investment. Listen!"

The music had begun again. At first it came stealing out with such a low, plaintive sound, one might easily have fancied that it was only the night wind creeping softly round the walls of the little cabin; then it swelled into something louder, deeper and solemn; but there was a subtle, yet indefinable something in its nature which caused the listeners to thrill with exultation and grow cold with dread. It seemed as though a spirit more than mortal had taken possession of the little instrument, and through its deep voice was breathing out a prophecy of approaching disaster.

Leyton felt a sudden breeze against his cheek and noticed, with alarm, that a dark storm-cloud had arisen in the west. There had been one storm since his arrival from the East, and he dreaded to see another. A heavy sigh at his elbow caught both men to turn in that direction. Lame Joe had come up noiselessly behind them and stood leaning against a rock. He, too, was listening and wiping an occasional tear from his eye; for the music had grown sad and dirge-like as a funeral hymn, with a lingering, a quivering anguish echoing through it which betokened that the soul of the musician was speaking through her music.

But, even as they listened, the character of the melody slowly underwent a complete transformation, and from the depths of sorrow and despair it burst forth in a glad, exultant strain—a wild, free flood of music. It was like the triumphant song of some captive bird which has beaten long its weary wings against the iron bars of a cruel prisonhouse, but, finding itself at liberty again, breaks forth into song as it wings its way toward heaven, above the clouds and storms.

That was the end.
Leyton and Mark Spencer passed on. The little girl's present mood seemed to them too sacred for intrusion; but Lame Joe stopped for the good-night kiss which the child was accustomed to bestow upon him.

Poor old Joe! he was very lame. One leg had been left upon the battlefield of Fredericksburg, and its substitute was a rude wooden stump; but such as it was, he would gladly have worn it to splinters at Lita Cohen's service, had the child permitted it.

In spite of his affliction Joe Minton was a genial old man, with a kind

word and helping hand for everybody yet half the miners in that little camp could have told of a time when there was not a more intemperate man or harder character among them all than he. That was before the death of his wife, tidings of which had been a terrible blow. Like a thunderbolt, it had sundered the barriers of pride and selfishness and penetrated his iron heart.

Lita was comforter then. It was she who took him in hand, and petted and talked with him until his companions began to notice with wonder that he was growing into a very different man; for sorrow had made the child sympathetic, and her strong influence over Joe was in a great measure due to this fact.

When John Cohen was killed by the falling of a bowler, Lita little more than a babe then, had become an adopted child of the camp. Later, when an accident shut out forever the light from her beautiful eyes, she seemed suddenly to have grown nearer and dearer to each one and to become the object of especial care; yet, in spite of their kindness, there were times when she grew sad and lonesome. She used then to fly for consolation to her dear friend, the little organ, and draw from its bosom a melodious response to her mood.

In strong contrast with the gray and faded old woman who has her attendant, or the bronzed, weather-beaten men about her, was this child of seven years. Like a rare, sweet blossom she was growing up in that wild place with a halo of beauty and purity about her young life that commanded almost adoration from the few rough, yet kind-hearted people.

Nature was kindly, too. The sun never kissed her soft little cheeks too roughly, and its most scorching ray only added a brighter tint to the long, fair hair which hung in waves below her waist, the pride and admiration of her friends.

Yet it was hard, even for a stranger, to look unmoved upon the great blue eyes, so pathetic in their blindness, and know that Lita Cohen could never see again.

I think Lita herself minded it most after Warren, the poet of the camp, had been telling her of the rugged grandeur of the country about them, and described the singular beauty of the flower which he brought her day after day, or when one of her big, burly friends laid in her hand the pictures of the children the children whom she had learned to love as brothers and sisters. She had known about them all a long time, ever since she could remember, and they often sent her friendly messages and little presents which she used to sit holding in her hands, a strange wistfulness in the big blue eyes, a great ache in the little tender heart, at the thought that she must always feel but could never see.

The little girl cared a great deal about all her friends; but Lame Joe was her prime favorite, perhaps because he was lame. He had grown lammer than ever of late, and was failing very fast; yet nobody had told Lita of it; nobody could bear to break the news to her. She used to sit at his side by the hour, listening to him or repeating the childish stories which Warren had read to her. One day while she was sitting thus, patting his wrinkled cheeks with her soft hands, she stopped suddenly, with a puzzled look in her face, as though a new thought had struck her.

"The men say that the mines of this district don't pay well enough, and they will shortly break up and go into another country. What will you and I do then, Uncle Joe?"

A tear trickled down the old man's wan cheek. He, too, was thinking of a journey into another country, and it wrenched his heart-strings to think of leaving Lita behind, but he wiped away the bright drops with the ragged sleeve of his coat, and choking down the sob in his throat made answer:

"You will go with them, Lita, my child."

"And you, too, Uncle Joe. What would you do here without me?" she asked laughingly, as she clung tighter to his hand.

"Not much, to be sure, little one—not much." He stroked her long, silken hair tenderly, wishing that he might be able to tell her what no one else wanted to; but he had not the courage, and presently the little girl said:

"It is getting chilly, Uncle Joe; let's go in."

But the old man went away and did not see her again until evening. He bade her "good night," and slowly

ly following the retreating forms of the two gentlemen, Leyton and Spencer, wondering why she looked so pale to-night and clung so tightly around his neck at parting.

He felt a strange chill pass over him whenever he thought of the music, but, by-and-by, he fell asleep and forgot it all.

The threatened storm came; such a tempest as had not swept the valley since its settlement, five years before. But the sun shone out brightly the next morning, and there was one, at least, who hailed its advent with a sigh of relief; that one was Joe Minton. Crushed, bruised and sorely wounded, he dragged himself from a heap of debris and looked about him. No one was stirring. Nearly all the others had chosen safer places than he and were sleeping soundly, now that the wild strife which had taken place so lately between the elements had ceased.

How was it with little Lita? With an effort poor Joe sat up and looked.

Where had stood a dwelling-place last night was only a heap of ruins now.

"Lita! Lita!" called the old man piteously, but there came no answer.

On his hands, with all his remaining strength mustered into the effort, he crept to the spot. No child was there. Slowly, every breath a pain almost unendurable, he drew himself to the top of a log to look. He saw her, and was not long in gaining the spot.

Taking one limp hand in his and clasping it tightly, he sank down at her side, though there was a smile upon his face; the pain was all over. He had followed his little friend in her long, long journey, had gone into that other country.

A little later the miners, awakened by the faithful Nannon, who had just recovered sufficiently to crawl from the ruins, began a search for the missing.

Away beyond the scattered remains of the cabin they found them—the two so strangely contrasting; one so old and gray, the other like a gleam of light as she lay upon a bed of tangled grass and shining sand, the pallor of death upon her fair, young face, and the glory of the sunshine in her golden hair.

A Brave Cripple.

"He knows that no feller'll hit him, 'cause he's so small an' he's got one leg, so he does jest what he pleases. I do hate cripples, 'cause they think they can do jest about as they want to."

But Amos didn't mean to hit the marbles; his crutch slipped on that smooth stone, an' he couldn't help himself.

"I don't believe anything of the kind. I was lookin' right at him when he come along, an' I could see him try to do it."

Fred Barlow was making an exhibition of his temper such as was not at all creditable to him. With several of his most intimate friends he had been engaged in a game of marbles in the school house yard, hoping to be able to conclude it before the study bell should ring. It was just when he was almost certain of victory that Amos Patten, a poor little fellow who had lost his legs two years before by being thrown in front of a mowing machine, passed by, stumbling just in front of the collection of agates, marbles and alleys, and dispersing them in every direction with his crutch.

Even while Fred spoke he lifted his hand as if to strike Amos, and as the cripple shrank away from him as if in fear of the blow, the angry boy added: "You're a regular sneak and a coward, that's what you are, Amos Patten, an' I've a good mind to hit you anyway, jest so's to let you see that you can't do what you want to. If I was such a sneak as you are, I'd hide myself so the others couldn't see me."

It is impossible to say what other hard words Fred might have spoken, for just then he felt a tiny hand thrust into his, and he turned to greet his little sister Alice, whom he thought was the most wonderful and lovable child in the world. She was the only one who could check his temper, which was almost ungovernable because he had never attempted to restrain it, and on this occasion he contented himself by making one more threatening gesture towards Amos, after which he walked into the school-house with his sister.

"I'll serve him out to-night," he whispered to Willis Rich as he passed him in the ante-room. "He's always trying to show off smart, an even if

he is a cripple, I believe I'll give him a lesson that he won't forget."

As Fred thus decided that he would punish Amos for what was undoubtedly an accident, he walked to his seat with an assumption of manly dignity about him which would have caused him a certain feeling of shame if he could have seen it as others did. To his mind, whipping another boy, even though that one could not defend himself, was a very manly thing to do, and instead of being thoroughly ashamed of his display of temper, he was inclined to look upon it as something to be proud of.

Even if Amos could not join his schoolmates in their sports, he could outstrip in their studies, and during that forenoon Fred felt several times that he had fresh cause for complaint against him, as Amos answered, very readily, questions in the classes that he himself failed even to understand.

"I'll fix him," Fred muttered, as he went back to his desk, after having failed signally in his natural history lesson and Amos had been openly complimented by the teacher. "I'll teach him as soon as I get out in the yard, an' then I guess he won't think himself so awful smart."

Then Fred sat looking down at the floor in a very sulky mood, resolved that he would pay no attention to his studies until he had "fixed" Amos, his desire for revenge growing stronger and stronger each moment, until a thin curl of what appeared to be blue dust attracted his attention. It was so small that he would hardly have noticed it if he had not been gazing intently at the floor, and, even while he was trying to decide what it was, he heard a shrill cry from the street below.

"Fire! fire!" rang out on the air, and in an instant the scene in the school room was completely changed.

There had been more than one of these blue rings, such as Fred had seen creeping up through the crack of the floor, and the instant the dread alarm had been given from the outside, every one knew that the school-house was on fire beneath him.

It seemed to Fred as if he was lifted directly from his feet by the press of those around him, and, dimly conscious that little Alice was somewhere in that maddened throng, he was carried towards the door, unable to do anything towards saving her, even had he been calm enough to think of rescue.

Half an hour passed—thirty terrible minutes, during which it would have been impossible for Fred to have told what he did or said, and then the flames were under control. All this time the work of rescuing the tiny ones who had been trampled down, half suffocated or bruised by their stronger school-mates, had been carried on.

No one but men were allowed to enter the burning building, and Fred stood as close to the door as possible, waiting until he should see Alice, but hoping almost against hope, that she had escaped before the more terrible rush had been made. His throat was dry, his tongue parched so that it was impossible for him to speak, while his eyes burned and smarted with unshed tears.

Then on the arms of the two men he saw two figures, one of whom he knew was his sister, because of the dress she wore, and he ran wildly forward, knowing, even as he did so, that he could not aid her if she had been in the burning building unscathed for all that time.

In the stretchers, hastily prepared for the little sufferers, Alice was placed and then Fred saw that she was closely locked in the embrace of another, whose bleeding form told that he had shielded her at the expense of his own life, her head had been covered by a boy's jacket, and in a moment after it was removed she revived from the swoon, showing that she at least had escaped uninjured.

And this other boy, this boy who had cared for her without thought for himself, was none other than little Amos Patten, sneak and coward, as Fred had called him. Heedless of himself, the poor cripple had protected the child with his own body, receiving the blows from the feet of his terrified schoolmates, until life had been crushed from his deformed frame, and he had proven that he did not deserve the epithets Fred had so cruelly applied to him. Brave among the bravest, he had given his life for hers; but his reward, as his soul went out from the poor little mangled body to his Father in Heaven, was sufficient.

Is it necessary to speak of Fred's remorse? Is it necessary to say that the mound in the village churchyard was often watered by the tears of the boy, who when it was too late, would have suffered anything if, by so doing, he could have unsaid the cruel words?

The remembrance of that mound, and of him whose body sleeps beneath the sod, has ever been sufficient to teach Fred that "he who ruleth his spirit is better than he who taketh a city;" and when his anger rises within him, he thinks of brave little Amos, and then gives the "soft answer" that turneth away wrath."—James Otis, in *Congregationalist*.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

How eagerly men are engaged in the pursuit of beautiful women, and how little they care for their brief existence! This is undoubtedly in obedience to a supreme law growing out of our organization, for who does not love order, harmony, symmetry, and perfection in all things? But, in this eager pursuit, it would be well to remember that there are two qualities of far more importance than personal charms. True, we may be fascinated with a dark, lustrous, and beautiful eye, the crimson blush of the cheek, a graceful, symmetrical form; but, after all, the inquiry should be: Is there a soul within? Is there elevation of thought, generous principles, noble purpose, a cultivated intellect? If not, what else would a woman of beautiful personal appearance be but as a doll or gilded toy? How long could a man of genius be induced to worship at such a shrine? How long before his affections would assume the form of hatred or contempt? Powerful passions and strong affection invariably accompany the man of genius. Hence it is clear that unless personal charms envelop a cultivated mind as well as the sterling qualities of virtue, the noblest impulses of affection in such a man will soon be extinguished, and his fondest hopes blasted in the selection of a partner for life. Nothing is more desirable to a man of genius, in this life, than the ardent affections of a good, sensible woman; and, on the other hand, no offering on earth is so acceptable to a woman as the sincerest affection of a man of genius and truth.

How to Draw a Crowd.

A short, thick-set man, with a red face, stood in Second street Saturday afternoon, and stripping off his coat slowly rolled up the sleeves of his calico shirt until a crowd began to gather and admire his muscular arms. When he had gotten the sleeves up high enough to expose the biceps he stooped and grasped a large iron dumb-bell that lay on the ground before him. The crowd waxed larger and pressed around him. Without saying a word he lifted the bell and shored it aloft eight consecutive times, and then put it down. "Now," said he, "if any of you think 'plwt, presto, change,' will make that thing lighter or heavier, jest try it." A shipbroker picked it up cautiously, and getting it to his waist, dropped it, to the imminent peril of a number of toes in the vicinity. A laugh went round, and somebody said, "Here you air. The little otticle only one dime." A young fellow in a fur cap then seized the iron and succeeded in getting it up to his shoulder, but upon some one remarking that he would strain himself he put it down. A grain merchant nudged it with his foot and smiled.

"Find it chained down?" sarcastically inquired the proprietor. "Well, now, here, I am just goin' to show ye all about this dumb-bell exercise. You see, it's everything in the way you do it, but first let me offer you all some of my circulars," and here his glib tongue rattled off an encomium upon his "celebrated" cough drops or some other mixture which he had in a box and which he persuaded many to buy before they could get away. "It's a good way to draw a crowd," said he after the sale was over. "Some of these fakirs stand on the corner and holler themselves hoarse without collecting more'n two bootblacks and an errand boy. I give 'em some science and muscle to whet their appetites for my wares. I reach a good class of customers, you see," and rolling down his sleeves he lugged his dumb-bell off to some other corner.—*Baltimore Sun*.

Earthquake Weather.

Anybody who has ever lived for any length of time at a stretch in a region where earthquakes are common objects of the country and the seaside, knows perfectly well what earthquake weather in the colloquial sense is really like. You are sitting in the piazza, about afternoon tea-time, let us say, and talking about nothing in particular with the usual sickness, tropical languor, when gradually a sort of faintness comes over the air, the sky begins to assume a lurid look, the street dogs leave off howling hideously in concert for half a minute, and even the grim vultures perched upon the housetops forget their obtrusive personal differences in a common sense of general uneasiness. There is an ominous hush in the air, with a corresponding lull in the conversation for a few seconds, and then somebody says, with a yawn, "It feels to me very much like earthquake weather." Next minute you notice the piazza gently raised from its underpropping woodwork by some unseen power, observe the teapot quietly deposited in the hostess's lap, and conscious of a rapid but graceful oscillating movement, as though the ship of state were pitching bodily and quickly in a long Atlantic swell. Almost before you have had time to feel surprised at the suddenness of the interruption (for the earth never stops to apologize) it is all over; and you pick up the teapot with a smile, continuing the conversation with the greatest attainable politeness, as if nothing at all unusual had happened meanwhile. With earthquakes, as with most other things and persons, familiarity breeds contempt. It is wonderful, indeed, how very quickly and easily one gets accustomed at last to these little mundane accidents. At first, when you make your earliest acquaintance with an earthquake country, there is something unspeakably appalling and awesome in the sense of utter helplessness which you feel before the contemplation of a good shivering earthquake. It isn't so much that the thing in itself is so very alarming—nine earthquakes out of ten in any given place do nothing worse than bring down a bit of your plaster ceiling, or wake you up with a sound shaking in your bed at night; it is the consciousness that the one seeming stable and immovable element in one's whole previous personal experience, the solid earth that we are accustomed to contrast so favorably with stormy seas and fitful breezes, has at last played us false, and failed visibly beneath our very feet.

Betrayed by Bad Grammar.

"Three of these girls say they go to school regularly," remarked Justice Power in the Toms Police Court recently, as four children were about to step down. Agent Chiardi, who had arrested the three as delinquents, and the other for picking up bones, took the fourth girl one side and said he knew the others did not go to school.

"Aren't they all together?" asked the Court.

"No, sir," answered, one of the trio. "Us don't belong to she."

"What? The next girl who goes to school—was that sentence correct?"

"No, sir."

"What should she have said?"

"Her ain't one of we."

"Horror! The next try it."

"She ben't one of us three."

The Justice groaned, and asked the fourth girl to repeat the sentence. She had said nothing about school, but she replied, "She is not one of us."

"You are discharged," replied the Court. "The others will have a chance to study in a reformatory."—*New York Herald*.

Domestic Recipes.

LEMON COOKIES.—Lemon cookies are made of one large cup of sugar, a little more than half a cup of butter, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two teaspoonfuls of hot water; flavor with lemon, and use just flour enough so that you can roll the cookies out thin; bake in a quick oven.

CHEAP FRUIT CAKE may be made after this receipt, and it will be found excellent. One and a half cups of brown sugar, two cups of flour, three quarters of a cup of butter, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sour milk, half a tablespoonful of soda, half a cup of fruit jam—blackberry preferred—one cup of raisins chopped fine.

Fooling with a bear.

Some weeks ago a butcher in Detroit bought a bear about a year old. Just what he wanted of a bear around a butcher shop has not been explained, but he got him and chained him up in the back yard, and showed him off to all callers. Pretty soon the boys got after Bruin. They yelled at him from the fences, called him names through the stray knot-holes, and tossed him a brick bat whenever occasion offered. There was one boy, a chap about 15 years old—who had an aching void. He ached and itched and hungered to fool with the bear. On several occasions he climbed the fence, and was discovered punching up the animal with a stick or trying to lasso him with a piece of clothes-line. The butcher caught him and booted him around and cuffed his head and called him a double-barreled idiot, but next day the boy returned to his mutation.

Sunday afternoon the butcher and his family went out for a ride, leaving the bear to run the menagerie. The luncheon of a boy, who had been aching for such an opportunity, was on hand soon after the butcher disappeared. The bear was fast to a ring and a ten-foot chain, and just why the boy wanted to get within nine feet of him was another mystery. He got there, however, and the bear got him. When his screams and yells had drawn a dozen men to the top of the fence there was a free circus going on. The bear was having more fun than would load a canal boat. The boy's hat was torn into strings, his coat was in rags, and he was working for low wages and boarding himself.

The yells and howls sent forth by the junior partner in the circus business seemed to tickle Bruin. He stood up for a back-hold wrestle and won the medal every time. The he would roll over and over on the ground, carrying the boy with him and throwing his claws around in the most reckless manner. Whenever the victim made a break to get away he received a bite in a new spot, and the bear wasn't a bit tired or discouraged when a crowd of fifty men and boys piled over the fence and interrupted the proceeding. They managed to get the boy away, and with him a bundle of rags which once represented a suit and pepper suit, one shoe, a pair of pants minus most everything but the buttons, and a dime note treating of hunters and the wild West. One curious individual wanted the boy detained until his bites and scratches could be counted and duly labeled, but the rest hadn't time. They put him in a handcart and drew him to his home on Sullivan avenue, and when his mother appeared at the door the leader of the procession removed his hat and kindly observed:

"Madam, here are the remains of a boy who fooled with a bear. The bear, I am happy to observe, hasn't felt so well before for three months!"

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

A little salt should be applied to a pin scratch or one given by a cat. It is painful for a few moments, but removes all poison.

Inhaling hot water and salt is excellent for catarrh. Sleeping with the mouth open is apt to bring on this disagreeable trouble.

A good way to make tea is to put the tea into the empty teapot, fill it up with boiling water, place it on the back of the stove five or ten minutes.

To exterminate ants, rub walnut leaves where they run and it will drive them away. They are invaluable in the pantry, closet or any place the ant frequents.

A fantastic stand may be made out of a large vase of any kind with several different paints put on it and mixed, one into another. The whole when varnished has quite an oriental appearance.

It is a good time to call the attention of those who love to grow the beautiful hyacinth in water in the house; that cutting off the roots at about an inch from the bulb will often cause bulbs that tend to leaves instead of flower, to start a fine flower pike at once.

A tall, slim, terra cotta jar, may be turned into an umbrella stand, and made to look very artistic. One can be purchased for from 75 cents to \$1. On it paint in water-colors a bird and a few cat tails, a number of butterflies or a similar design, and fasten a large bow of ribbons on one side; either a deep crimson color or a pale blue will look best.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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PLAIN FACTS.

We call attention to the clipping from the *Mute's Companion*, of Minnesota, which we reproduce elsewhere. It requires no great amount of wit to discern who has got the better of the argument. Probably, had the *Companion* the facilities for obtaining facts that we have, it would have ignored the odious and cruel comparison made between pupils who are being taught by signs and those by articulation. If there is anything that makes the countenance beam and the manners refined, it is not the method of educating, but the education itself; and, on the score of education, all deaf-mutes of superior intelligence were not graduated from the school on Lexington Avenue. It is true that many of the graduates of the School for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes are fairly well-educated, but no better and in no greater proportion than those of other schools for deaf-mutes, although the rules of admission, unlike those of other institutions, debar all deaf-mutes who do not fulfill certain requirements as to age and intellect. These articulation school graduates can be found almost any day mingling among sign-taught deaf-mutes, and expressing their thoughts in the language of signs, with quite as much energy, but with less ease than their companions. The Manhattan Literary Association, in which debates and lectures are given in the sign-language only, embraces among its members several graduates of the School for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes. Whether or not it is their inability to mingle freely in the society of hearing people that causes them to associate with deaf-mutes, we leave for others to decide. Not only is this true of young men, but graduates, of the other sex can be seen at the sign-services held in St. Ann's, any Sunday in the year, and in the Bible Class for young ladies we have noticed one of the regular attendants is a prize graduate of the Articulation School, who figured on the platform of Chickering Hall less than three years ago as an expert at speech and lip-reading. In these cases, at least, "restoration to society" appears to have been only partly accomplished.

But the greater part of the report is given up to slurring the existing system of teaching trades in connection with deaf-mute institutions. It asserts that the sign system renders this necessary, but that it can be dispensed with where articulation is employed as the medium of instruction. Evidently Mr. Greenberger has overlooked the fact that, at the late International Congress held in Brussels, one of the resolutions adopted was that instruction in trades should be given during the latter portion of the school course, and that nine-tenths of the members of the Congress were adherents of the "pure oral" method. The statement that industrial training is confined to sign-schools, is rather misleading. We acquit Mr. Greenberger of all intent to deceive, but would respectfully ask, how "the great majority of those educated here have become artists, lithographers, engravers, wood carvers, etc.," if not through the medium of the free art schools of Cooper's Union, which they attended while pupils of his school? Disregarding the supercilious comparisons drawn between the humbler trades and the arts, let us take the following as an example of reasoning which it were a courtesy to call sophistry: "Of former pupils, only one became a shoemaker and one a tailor, both of these lads learning their respective trades from their fathers. It would not have been worth while to have maintained shops all these years, at considerable expense, for the sake of

turning out one shoemaker and one tailor." Whether instruction in a trade could be made use of, or appreciated by graduates, is a question that can best be answered by the graduates themselves. A few months ago, one of the best educated semi-mutes that ever graduated from the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, was looking here, there and everywhere, for employment of some kind, while another, very little inferior in education and intelligence, was bewailing his hard lot and the inadequacy of his weekly pitance earned in an occupation procured for him by his former Principal, where, he said, there was no prospect of ever doing better.

The trouble in most sign-institutions is not that too much attention is paid to the industrial departments. The shoe is on the other foot. Technical knowledge and technical training is acknowledged to be a desideratum in schools and colleges for those who hear, then how much more necessary must such knowledge be to the deaf and dumb. With a trade mastered, the deaf-mute can work his way in the world independent of all help and assistance from parents, relatives, friends, or former teachers; but if he is possessed of no knowledge save that gleaned from text books, he will be obliged to seek assistance from others, and if his request is not complied with, we are sure to find him, in the language of the immortal bard, sans friends, sans trade, sans food, sans everything.

The Biennial Report of the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb, for 1881-83, has reached us. It has been printed in the Institution printing office, and bears evidence of the care and effort exercised in getting it up, the typography being neat and the presswork clear. There have been in attendance 121 pupils—66 boys and 55 girls. Principal Ely discusses the work of the classroom in a learned and thoughtful manner. He says that pupils are put in the articulation classes the first year, and all who prove capable of instruction by that method are retained, while the others are assigned to classes where signs are made the medium of instruction. He closes with the following: "It has been urged by extreme advocates of articulation, that pupils cannot be successfully taught in schools where the sign-language is used. Our experience disproves this conclusively, and also shows the great value of the sign-language in stimulating the minds of the children and preparing them to receive more readily instruction in speech." The italics are Mr. Ely's, and deserve more than passing attention as coming from a man of sterling virtues, high education, vast experience, and unflinching energy and earnestness in the instruction of the deaf and dumb.

We are in receipt of an invitation to be present at the International Congress of the Deaf and Dumb, which meets at Stockholm, Sweden, on the 1st of July and continues in session until the 5th. The Vice-President of the Congress is Mr. Albert Berg. Although it will be impossible for us to be in attendance, we sincerely hope that the meeting will be successful and productive of good to the deaf and dumb on the continent of Europe. We hope to publish an early report of its proceedings.

Pleasant Birthday Surprise Party.

Friday, March 7th, was Mr. Aaron Witmeyer's birthday. His wife had been making preparations to give him a surprise in honor of the occasion, and had invited a few friends to spend the evening. Mr. Parvis, who boards with Mr. and Mrs. Witmeyer, had attended to receiving the guests, and when all was ready ushered them in, to the great surprise of Mr. Witmeyer. Among the guests were several speaking people, who passed a very pleasant evening, which was enlivened by some very clever acting, by a mute named Mr. Frederick, and which was interpreted to the speaking people by a semi-mute, Mr. Clough. After sitting down to a bountiful lunch, which was set out by Mr. Witmeyer's wife, the company soon after dispersed, well pleased with the evening's entertainment. Mr. Witmeyer has been for twenty-five years a wheelwright, and is a well-known and respected gentleman in this city, deserving of the respect paid by all friends.

LANCASTER, PA., 3-10-84.

RAILROAD RECORD FOR 1884

VICTIM NO. 15.

John Sherry, a runaway pupil of the New Jersey Institution, was killed by the locomotive in Pennsylvania, about a week ago.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent to *The Itemizer*.

A lecture will be given before the Manhattan Literary Association, by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, on the 27th of March, at 8 o'clock P.M.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Spickler, of Hagerstown, Md., moved to the home of Mrs. Spickler's parents to live with them, about two weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael McLaughlin, of East Albany, N. Y., spent the Sabbath with Mr. John H. Brown's family, at Port Jackson.

George W. Davis took dinner with his two sisters at the Hotel Brunswick, in Boston, last week. They will occupy two fine residences at Milton Hill, Mass., in April.

Miss Lizzie Wolfkill, a semi-mute, of Rocky Springs, Md., lost her father by death about two weeks ago. The lady was educated at the Maryland School for Deaf-Mutes, at Frederick, Md.

Mrs. John Wilcox, of Parish, N. Y., has been in poor health for some time. She is troubled with erysipelas and dropsy. She was a classmate of Messrs. Pratt, Steenrod, Tindal, Morse, and others, when they were taught by Mr. Weld, in the Philadelphia Institution.

On Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Washington Houston, of Frankford, Philadelphia, enjoyed a pleasant visit at Mrs. J. Bennett's, in Philadelphia. Mrs. Bennett's mother, by the name of Anna Bell, is eighty-four years of age. She is looking well, and it is hoped that she may yet enjoy many years of happiness.

Miss Emma Arnold, who left the Philadelphia Institution about thirteen years ago, and formerly resided at Helian, Pa., is now living in Winchester, Mo. She is a dressmaker by occupation, and is very fond of reading the *Journal*. Her little deaf-mute brother Christopher, six years old, can make signs very well.

Mr. W. B. Cullingworth's tiny daughter will lecture before the Clero Literary Association, Philadelphia, Pa., to-night. The little girl is only five years old, and can use the mute language wonderfully well. She can speak and hear. She will tell a story, and we hope many minds will be soothed.

John W. Page, of Biddeford, Me., came nearly losing one of his eyes a short time ago. He was cutting a board with a circular saw, when a knot was broken, the pieces scattering about, and one of them striking his right eye and adhering to it. A fellow workman removed the piece. The wound was very painful, but has healed, and Mr. Page is now as well as ever.

Miss Fidelia P. Morgan was in Birmingham, Ct., on a long visit to her cousin, Dr. Phillips, and went to New Haven, where she visited her cousin, Hon. Mr. Sheldon. She left for New York last week, and lives with her brother, Dr. Morgan. Mrs. Hattie Wheeler and she have enjoyed nice calls. Miss Morgan makes flying visits to her relatives in summer, and comes to Birmingham in winter.

"GUILD."

A meeting of the "Guild of Silent Workers" will be held in the Sunday School of St. Ann's Church, on the evening of March 25th.

CHAR. BRYAN, Secretary.

NEW YORK, March 17.

A Deaf-Mute Prize-Fighter.

MOUNT VERNON, O., March 14.—Last night the Kirk Opera House was the scene of a rattling glove fight between Bob Farrell's unknown and Thornton Hurley, a colored deaf-mute. They fought four desperate three-minute rounds, under the Marquis of Queensbury rules. A well-known sporting man of Mount Vernon was the referee, and Bob Farrell seconds the unknown, the "Black Diamond" acting in the same capacity for Hurley. The contest was very exciting, and the referee decided the fight a draw.

Mahonites Breeding Trouble.

BALTIMORE, March 13.—A dispatch from Staunton says that trouble is feared there over a decision of the Mahonites. Directors and officers of the Western Lunatic Asylum, and Deaf and Blind Institute, declare their intention to hold on to their offices, although the Legislature has passed a law ousting them. The towns-people are taking sides and a disgraceful riot will likely ensue if the enactment is attempted to be enforced. The Mahonites, with the negroes, are in a majority.—*The N. Y. World*, Friday, 14, '84.

The Clero Literary Association of Philadelphia.

The Clero Literary Association has held a new election. Those who were nominated for President, were George Sifter, Thomas Breen, Washington Houston, Edward Wilson, Thomas McCarthy, John Lewis and A. L. Manning; but Messrs. Houston and Manning declined. Mr. Sifter was elected to fill the position. For Secretary, A. L. Manning and J. McDonigle. Mr. Manning was elected. For Treasurer, Mr. W. R. Cullingworth by acclamation. For First Vice-President, Edward Wilson, Washington Houston and J. Turner. Mr. Houston was elected. For 2d Vice-President Wm. McKimney, Ed. Wilson and J. McDonigle. Mr. Wilson was elected. For Assistant Secretary, Mr. John Lewis was elected by acclamation. The Clero Literary Association is twenty years old, and has fifty members, proving by its age and members its stability and strength. It is said to be the best in the United States, and has a handsome fund in its treasury. Rev. H. W. Syle is a faithful member of the Clero Literary Association. He is a very valuable and intelligent member. Mr. Stevenson is also a warm friend of the Association, and has been a member of it a long time. Many years ago, he was its President. May the Association never cease its career of usefulness, and may its motto ever be "still upward and onward." The following are the names of the members: S. Bacharach, H. Blankenslee, T. Breen, J. Burth, Charles Campbell, T. Conroy, W. R. Cullingworth, T. Delph, J. Ferral, T. Fentress, J. G. Hahn, G. W. Harrison, M. Higgins, W. Houston, P. Hunter, H. Jackson, T. E. Jones, W. Lee, A. Lutz, J. Lewis, W. H. Lipsett, A. L. Manning, J. Maginus, A. Mills, T. McCarthy, W. McKimney, P. McDonigle, J. McDonigle, H. Orth, J. Oakes, D. Paul, John M. Bobb, J. Roop, J. H. Sharrar, G. Sifter, H. S. Stevenson, J. J. Stevenson, C. B. Stilwell, J. C. Stubbbs, Rev. H. W. Syle, J. Tindall, Prof. T. J. Trist, J. Turner, E. Wilson, J. Young and F. Zell.

Miss Mollie Linn, of New Corydon, Ind., is now in Portland, Ind.

J. Scott Kennedy, of Harford County, Md., is building a house, and expects to have it completed this spring.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Moody, of East Lebanon, Me., celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding on the 18th of this month.

The Hillsboro, N. H., *Messenger* contains the address delivered by the venerable Thomas Brown, on the occasion of his 89th birthday.

Keely's motor and a deaf-mute woman are terrible instances of what might have been if they could only be started.—*Fall River Advance*.

Philip Jacoby, of Jacksonville, Ill., and Mr. Mullins, of Chicago, were added to the lists of the members of the Chicago Pass-Pas Club last week.

Benjamin Mitchell, a brother of William Terrell, of Guelph, Canada, knows the colored deaf-mute, Harvey Peet, who went to school in Bath, England. He was his classmate, and their teacher was Miss Mary Weir.

Miss Charlotte Bradford is visiting her cousins, Rev. and Mrs. H. O. Spoor, of Pittsford, Vt. She recently visited Mrs. Isaac Mitchell, of Larrabee's Point, Vt., who has a little child who can hear and speak.

Clarence E. Webster, who is employed as tracing clerk in the office of the General Freight Agent of the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia Rail Road Co., expects to get a vacation next month, and if so, will go to New Orleans, La.

A Rochester mute entered the place where Clarence E. Webster, of Buffalo, N. Y., is employed last week, and begged for money. Mr. Webster was called and recognized him as an old schoolmate. The mute was invited to call at Mr. Webster's house at 5 o'clock, but did not do so.

Every Sunday afternoon, when the services are over at St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, Pa., the deaf-mute ladies and gentlemen usually attend the Bible Class. There are fifty to sixty in attendance. Rev. H. W. Syle and Mrs. Syle, Miss Barstow and Mr. Lipsett, are teachers, and make it instructive and entertaining to the deaf-mutes. Rev. Mr. Syle is a kind-hearted gentleman, and willingly gives the deaf-mutes many lessons of instruction.

There was a successful birthday party at the dwelling house of Miss Renner, in Philadelphia, on the 4th of March, 1884. The invited guests, consisting of both speaking and deaf-mute ladies and gentlemen, spent a very pleasant time together. They engaged in social amusements until four o'clock A. M., when the party dispersed. It was an enjoyable and satisfactory event. A grand supper was also partaken of. Mr. Solomon Bacharach was much pleased with it.

Vital Rasicot, of Little Falls, Minn., visited his relatives in St. Paul last week. While there, he met the following named names: Daniel Cremen, William Roberts, F. X. Jojette, Decurtins, and Luke Doyle, of Stillwater, Nettoson, Louis Buschman and James Brennan, three of whom were educated at Liverpool, England, and Halifax, N. S. F. Jojette went to the Catholic School at Montreal, Ca. East, for one year. He says he will return to Quebec next summer.

A Deaf-Mute Shoplifter.

A Richmond County police yesterday arrested a deaf-mute, who wrote his name as Herman VanSlein, of Blanton Street, this city. He was detected in the act of stealing a piece of goods from a fancy goods store in Stapleton. When searched at Police Headquarters, several pawn tickets for articles pawned in this city were found in his possession.—*N. Y. Sun*, March 14.

Her Mother Her Accuser.

An aged woman, who said her name was Mary McDonald, last night approached Policeman Byrnes in West Thirty-seventh Street, and begged him to come to her home on the next block and arrest her daughter, Maria Glynn, whom, she said, was drunk and beating her sick child. The policeman went with her, and her daughter was locked up. At the Jefferson Market Police Court to-day the old woman told Justice Patterson that her daughter, who is thirty-five years of age, had been married ten years. Her husband is dying with consumption in Bellevue Hospital, her oldest boy is in the deaf and dumb asylum, and her only child is in the Catholic Protectors. Her youngest child, a boy of four years, is at home sick and neglected by her mother, who spends her time with depraved companions and is continually under the influence of liquor. Justice Patterson sympathized with the old woman, and said that in order to allow her to properly care for the sick child he would send the mother to the Island for four months.—*New York Evening Telegram*.

HE WAS A LITTLE DEAF.

SEVERAL INGENUOUS PERSONS TRY TO HELP MR. O'BRIEN TESTIFY.

Dennis O'Brien, a gray-haired little man, blind of an eye, was in the Court of Special Sessions yesterday, as witness against John Cassidy, a mild-mannered youth, who, he complained, had stolen \$3 from him on March 7th. The Court was warned that O'Brien was very deaf, and that the Court would have to speak up. Counselor O'Brien, whose voice is something worth mentioning, volunteered to serve "as interpreter." He turned on his voice. Witness O'Brien, taking his cue from the play of the other O'Brien's lips, broke into a husky roar that rivalled Niagara. The bench put its six hands on its six ears and prayed the interpreter to cease. The affable court-judge, Monsieur St. Albe, next began on the witness. He stood by him, and without apparent physical effort administered the oath. The witness responded in a whisper that the stenographer could not hear. Roundman Fassett took Monsieur St. Albe's place, and making a trumpet of his hands, embraced the witness's ear with it, and shouted at the other end. "Do you swear to tell the truth?" "Yes, yes—oh, yes," yelled the witness, with a smile.

Again the audience was put to his ears. "Where do you live?" was asked. "Yes, yes—oh, yes, certainly," was the thunderous response. The Court said they would have to adjourn the case until some means could be invented to get the witness's testimony. Before they had actually adjourned it, Policeman Angler, who has a voice like a North River fog-horn, caught O'Brien's ear, and blew this blast: "Where do you reside?"

O'Brien answered with the following powder-mill explosion: "Two hundred and seven Bowery."

The Court said it couldn't hear so much noise. Then Detective Beyer had a great idea.

"Write the questions," he said, "and let him read them." This was done, but the witness deflected the court with the roar of his answers.

"Write to him to stop down," said the Court, hastily, and it marked on the papers, "Complained too deaf to testify." Cassidy was discharged.

NEW JERSEY.

Mr. John Bennett did not preach to the deaf-mutes last Sunday, on account of illness. The service was conducted by Mr. James Noe.

There is a deaf and dumb boy aged three years in Orange.

Mrs. John Bennett received a handsome present on her birthday, on the 8th of March, from Miss Charlotte Conklin.

There is an insane deaf-mute in our city. She is very troublesome to the neighbors. She ought to be sent to an asylum.

The next meeting of the Newark Gallaudet Association will be held on the 3d of April. Then they will elect officers for the year. We hope they will select the right men for the right place.

Several deaf-mutes of our city went to Barnum's parade in New York, last Monday evening. They reported it was grand.

John Cotter and Alfred Bousfield called on Mr. and Mrs. John Bennett last Monday. In the evening, they called on the Misses Finn.

Frank Lenox caught two live chipmunks on the Orange mountain a few days ago. He is now busy building a cage for them.

Thomas R. Stewart is busy selling tickets for an entertainment for the benefit of the Newark Mission. He has disposed of quite a number.

There is a deaf-mute bar-tender in our city. He works for his brother.

Alfred Bousfield visited New York City last week.

Patrick Ford, a deaf-mute of Montclair, N. J., supports his aged mother. He has a fine house of his own. He has a semi-mute sister. She is learning the dressmaking trade.

Mr. Samuel Price, of Easton, Pa., a graduate of the Philadelphia Institution, is confined to bed with severe illness. He works for the Easton Barbed Wire Company. He has been there nearly two years.

John French, of Morristown, N. J., was in our city last week, also Mr. Ed. Schuman, of Summit, New Jersey.

Frank Bentley, a semi-mute of Waverly, N. J., works in the horse car stable for the Elizabeth horse car company.

Mr. Kinney, of Hackettstown, N. J., called on Mr. and Mrs. Peter Housell last week. They were glad to see him after a year's absence.

Mr. John Melroy, of New Village, N. J., a graduate of the Philadelphia Institution, is busy making churns, and has many orders. His wife is a graduate of the Philadelphia Institution. They have three hearing and speaking children.

Mr. David Beers, of Montana, Warren Co., N. J., visited Riegelsville a short time ago.

Mr. Cape, a graduate of the New York Institution, works in a stone quarry for his father. He often visits the deaf-mutes in Easton, Pa.

John Jacobs is travelling around Bloomfield and Montclair, N. J., disposing of his needles.

A deaf-mute beggar asked Mr. Munn, of East Orange, for some money to buy something to eat. Mr. M. would not give him any, but took him to his house and gave him some sandwiches. When he left the house, Mr. M. found the sandwiches on the sidewalk in front of his house.

There was a large attendance of deaf-mutes at the Newark Mission entertainment last evening.

William Jennings, of Camden, N. J., visited several of our deaf-mutes last week.

Miss Lizzie Lord Hewlings, a graduate of the Philadelphia Institution, lives with a Quaker lady at Medford, Burlington Co., N. Y. She likes her place very much, and will remain a number of years. Miss Hewlings was a classmate of Miss Mary L. Bennett, when they attended school.

Messrs. Anthony Capelli and Charles Jastram, of the New York Institution, will come to Newark on the evening of April 3d, to help organize the association in our city. We hope there will be many deaf-mutes present. The deaf-mutes of the committee send cordial invitation to all deaf-mutes of the adjoining city to be with us at the meeting.

Mr. Warne, a graduate of the New York Institution, works for Daniel Beatty, Washington, N. J.

Mr. Baylor, graduate of the New York Institution, is a farmer at Stewartville, N. J. He called on Mr. David Beers a short time ago.

Thomas Stewart, of our city, is selling pictures of the Lord's Prayer. He has sold a great many in Newark and vicinity.

Messrs. Stewart, Bousfield and Er-singer, will visit the New York Institution, on March 20th. Then in the evening they will call on the Manhattan Literary Association.

Exos.

Western Pennsylvania.

March 8, 1884.—The Western Pennsylvania Pione Association was organized by electing new officers for the ensuing year, as follows:—

Mr. William Friend, of Braddock, President; Mr. Henry Niemann, of Allegheny City, Vice-President; Mr. Paul Langhans, of Allegheny City, 2d Vice-President; Mr. Lewis W. Callahan, Wilkinsburg, Secretary; Mr. William Humphrey, of Pittsburg, Treasurer. Those officers are now constituted a Committee on Arrangements, which will soon decide upon the date and place for holding our next picnic, and their decision will be published in the *JOURNAL*.

LEWIS W. CALLAHAN, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

Manhattan Literary Association.

LECTURE IN BROOKLYN.

VARIOUS NOTES.

Last week, we received a postal card from the secretary of the Manhattan Literary Association, notifying us to attend a regular meeting on the evening of the 13th inst. We went, but the meeting was no sooner opened before it was found that the committee, whose business it is to arrange such matters, had provided neither debate nor lecture for the evening. On motion, a special business meeting was substituted for the "regular," of which we give only what we believe will interest the readers of the *JOURNAL*.

The secretary read a letter from the President of the Fanwood Literary Association, saying it was rumored that the Manhattan Literary Association desired to arrange a debate with the Catholic Literary Union; the said debate to take place at the Institution and to be under the auspices of the F. L. A., the proceeds to go to the "Peet Bust Fund." He also gave dates upon which the debate could take place. As something of the kind was needed to arouse the numbers of the M. L. A., from their "Rip Van Winkle" nap, it was, on motion, decided to appoint a committee of two to make all necessary arrangements for the affair. The president appointed Messrs. Ekardt and Bryan as said committee.

The chairman of the committee on lectures, etc., announced a debate for the evening of the 20th inst.; a live question and one in which some of the best people of Gotham have taken much interest for the past months, had been selected—viz., Should the Mayor of this city be invested with power to appoint, or fill, all offices of the city government without the approval of the Board of Aldermen? Messrs. Wilkinson and Basch will exert themselves in behalf of the affirmative, while Messrs. Froehlich and Cornelius will do battle for the negative. Driscoll and Brown act as substitutes. A member is also booked to deliver an essay, and Mr. Franklin Campbell will declaim in his usual graceful style.

A vote of thanks was tendered John Carlin, M.A., the well-known mute artist, scholar and poet, for services rendered as trustee of the association, his term as such having expired.

A curious communication was read from the secretary of a New England mute association, who desired the "last annual report" of the association. It was doubtless sent in good faith, but suggestions as to what sort of answer should be made raised a storm of laughter, and jokes flew around fast and thick. It is possible that the mutes of the benighted State from which the postal came, think the Manhattan Literary Association occupies a very prominent place in the literary world, and therefore must issue annual reports of its doings. Such, however, is not the fact; if it is, the "annual report" will be sent to all associations desiring it, as soon as received from the printer.

"Shall we have an excursion next summer?" was a question which raised much discussion. A wide-awake member mounted the rostrum and said a picnic would be the best thing, but the president immediately told him he was out of order.

Adolphus Ekardt did not think much of an excursion; he said that the profits of those held for the past two or three years were less and less, while that of last summer barely covered expenses; but if every member would pledge himself to sell at least five dollars' worth of tickets, and return the money one week before the excursion, he would withdraw his opposition. Put to a vote and defeated.

Basch immediately moved that the association have a picnic instead of an excursion. It was referred to the Board of Control, who retired, and after an absence of about ten minutes returned and announced that they had arrived at no decision. On motion, the meeting adjourned.

A LECTURE.

Mr. Charles Bryan delivered a lecture before the Brooklyn Society on the evening of the 12th inst., his subject being "Michel Strogoff," a Russian romance. His delivery was excellent, and his silent auditors paid him the compliment of strict attention for the hour and a half which his lecture occupied. A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Bryan, and then the Executive Committee retired for a few minutes, and voted a suitable compensation in money to him; he was also made an honorary member of the society. This last act was conferred on Mr. Bryan, not so much on account of his lecture, but because it has been the habit of certain persons, who, when invited to lecture before this or that association, have always demanded a money consideration for their trouble. Mr. Bryan did not do this, but when asked if he wished to be paid for his service, said "he did not care." As his lecture netted the society quite a sum, and notwithstanding the fact that it is very young, pays rent for its hall, and has little money

in its treasury, its Executive Committee voted the lecturer of the evening money for his service. An example which can, with credit, be followed by other literary societies.

Among the many present at the lecture, were President Cornelius, of the Manhattan Literary Association; ex-President Ennis, of the Peet Literary Association; George Witschief, Henry Howell, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Jams, Mr. and Mrs. Pownall, Miss Ernest, Miss Berley, Mr. and Mrs. Jubring, Mr. and Mrs. Swartz, Miss Herrick, Mrs. Charles Bryan, Mrs. H. Bailey, of Harlem; and Messrs. Paterson, Clackett, Voorhes, Tobin, J. E. Lyng, Souweine, Gillen and others.

NOTES.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., will deliver a lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association on the evening of the 27th inst.

The regular monthly meeting of the "Guild of Silent Workers" will be held next Tuesday evening, the 25th inst.

A broad grin spread over the faces of mute New Yorkers upon reading the semi-official announcement that the "Hub's" great "unterrified" would hold another levee next winter, at which kissing games, etc., would be the chief attractions. If the osculating "Josephine Orange Blossom" thinks to get Gotham's "bhoys" to Boston by such nonsense, she (?) will be very much mistaken, as a better article of the same kind can be obtained hereabouts.

The Beverly professor, in writing to a friend, says there is no truth in the report that he is shortly to be married to a Harlem, N. Y., belle next summer. The lady in question lives in Cincinnati, Ohio.

"The Iroquois Circle" met one evening recently, and had a very enjoyable time.

It is said a deaf-mute organ-grinder recently took his stand in Court street, near City Hall, and while grinding away, attempted to sing. The mute soon collected a crowd, but he made such a discordant sound, together with the jeers of the lookers-on, that the whole neighborhood soon organized and drove him away.

Charles E. Green expects to visit Philadelphia some time during April. His marriage with a certain Brooklyn heiress has been deferred until next fall.

As a certain deaf-mute was recently entering St. Ann's Church to attend a meeting of the Guild of Silent Workers, he slipped and came down on his back. On looking for the cause of his misfortune, he found that some of his friends and admirers had put orange peel where he could conveniently step on it.

RICHIELEU.

3-16-84.

Louisville, Ky.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—My long silence is not attributed to the high waters which played great havoc along the river side, for it had nothing to do with it. In a word it is because I was at Doup's Point, Ky., during the winter season and there I had no occasion to write Louisville Notes. Now that I am in the city again, I hope to glean news and send them down for publication as often as convenient.

Ed. O. Herr and Miss E. Morris were on the sick list nearly all the winter. The former is nearly well now, while the latter has as yet shown no symptoms of recovery.

The recent flood was so

COLUMBUS.

Entertaining the Columbus Solons.

A SERIOUS FALL

JOTTINGS.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

The orchestra of our Institution was the scene of a large and brilliant assemblage, on Tuesday evening, last week, to witness a programme which for excellence was superb, and for performance a marked success. Last we seem to be too partial, or "going it blind," the writing-up of the entertainment is presented as taken from the *Ohio State Journal*, of March 12th.

"An exhibition was given at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb last night, which, notwithstanding the weather, drew thither a large and brilliant assemblage of State officers and residents of Columbus, who take interest in the welfare of the institution, comfortably filling the spacious and elegant chapel. It is usual at this season of the year for the institution to invite the members of the Legislature and State officers to an entertainment, whereby the progress of the pupils in the learning of the English language and the other features of an education, can show for itself. In response to invitations, the following gentlemen and ladies, among many others whose names could not be procured, were in attendance:

"Lieutenant-Governor Warwick, Senators Pruden, Hogue, Lewis, Caldwell, Ramey, Elliott and Smith; Representatives Bohl, Bruce, Stevenson, Ryan, Stryker, Pierce, Barrett, Hilles, Wilson, Laird, Lantz, Brooks, Terrell, Lisle, Dickson, Linduff, Emerson, Hunt, Sackett, Johnston, Deyo, Goodman, Shultz, Kaley, Black, Peet and Primrose; Rev. Dr. Gladden, Rev. Dr. Byers, Mr. Amos Layman, Professor Riggs, General E. B. Finley, Charles N. Vallandigham, C. P. L. Butler; Mrs. Senator O'Neill, Miss Pruden, Mrs. Amos Layman, Miss Sallie Glenn, Mrs. Senator Lewis, Mrs. General Finley, Mrs. Senator Cable, Mrs. Lieutenant-Governor Warwick, Mrs. Charles Negley, Mrs. Senator White, Mrs. Charles N. Vallandigham, Mrs. Sprigg, Mrs. Dr. Pierce, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Senator Hogue, Mrs. Schooley, Mrs. Warden Thomas, and many others.

The programme of exercises consisted of the following:

Address—Superintendent Pratt. Recitation, with Music—"Nearer, My God, to Thee." Exercises—Words and Sentences, by a Class of Beginners. Pantomime—"Wax Works." Exercises—Original Composition, by Pupils of Five Years' Standing. May Pole—Dance, with Music. Exercises—Class in Articulation. Recitation, with Music—"Star Spangled Banner." Address—Washington Crossing the Delaware. Exercises—Original Composition, by Advanced Pupils. Dictionology—In Concert, by Four Little Girls.

"The exercises were begun by an address from Superintendent Pratt, who stated that while he was no mute, he was no speech-maker. He would show, during the progress of the entertainment, the different steps by which the pupils advanced from the time they enter until they graduate, using representatives from the different classes to illustrate his theme. The exhibition would also show to the audience the almost infinite amount of care and trouble which it required to teach a pupil to understand the principles of which language is constructed, and the building up of a structure of speech upon the foundations which are used in our common schools. Mr. Pratt then gave a history of the sign-language, stating that the reason why many of the signs used denoted French names of things was because Gallaudet, the founder of the system in this country, visited France and there learned it. To show that the world moved since that time, he would state that in 1817, there was but one Institution in the United States, but now there were 36,000 mutes, and 2,800 in Ohio. Of those in Ohio, 400 are in school, leaving fully that number without any chance whatever of obtaining an education. Under such a state of affairs, why should not improvements be made to accommodate all? He wanted it understood that the Institution was not an asylum, but a part of the common school system. It was true that the children had to be cared for and fed, but outside of this the State did nothing for the mute more than was done for the child who could hear and speak. Each pupil was allowed seven years, or ten at the farthest, to be placed on the road to knowledge, and when it is understood what the children are when they come here and what they are when they leave, it will be seen that it is not only necessary for the State to be a teacher, but a parent and minister of the gospel as well. The children have no knowledge of God or their parents when they enter, but when they leave they are intelligent, responsible and law-abiding. If this can be shown, it surely becomes incumbent on the State to make the proper improvements and provisions for the proper instruction of those who are deaf and dumb.

The next number on the programme was the delivery in the sign language of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," by four young ladies, while the air was sung by his Miss Chidister, accompanied on the piano by Miss Blanche Filler. The effect produced was simply

wonderful, each word in that well-known hymn being made clearer and more pathetic by the gestures of the ladies.

The numbers on the programme termed "exercises," were used to illustrate the progress of the pupils through the different grades. Words were given to those who entered last September, which were written by them on a blackboard, and in the other classes exercises in articulation and in writing of compositions from impromptu subjects.

The pantomime was a paraphrase on "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works," and produced the mirth of the evening. The May-pole dance was also pleasing, and when the fact is taken into consideration that none of the dancers could hear the music, it was a marvelous performance.

"The gem of the evening was the 'Star Spangled Banner.' This production represented a solo and chorus of that well known air, with Miss Crout as soloist, and the Misses Ek and Atchison as chorus. Miss Crout was dressed to represent the 'Goddess of Liberty,' singing the solo parts of the song in a striking manner, and with a grace and ease remarkable indeed. This piece was encored, when 'Coming through the Rye,' was given in the same manner. Miss Minnie Schultz sang the air very creditably, accompanied by Miss Byers.

"Washington Crossing the Delaware" was a perfect picture of that interesting historical event.

"The Dictionology was rendered by four little girls by signs, which closed the exercises of the evening."

The Ohio Legislature has passed the bill amending the jury law, so as to make men who read newspaper accounts of cases, and form an opinion, eligible to serve as jurors. It has been asserted that there are still forty murderers in jail awaiting a trial in Hamilton County alone. It will be very easy now to impanel a jury.

SERIOUS FALL.

Miss Belinda Maginnis, the seamstress at the Institute for Deaf and Dumb, slipped and fell on the pavement on State Street, near Donaldson's bank, Monday morning last week, fracturing a bone of the right shoulder. She was taken into Dent's confectionery establishment, and from there taken back to the Institution, as soon as a conveyance could be summoned from here. Dr. Coleman was called and attended to her injuries. She is resting comfortably, though will necessarily be confined to the house for a considerable time.

The death or alarming illness of a parent, a brother or a sister, has been the cause of many a call home among our pupils this year.

A special to the *Journal* of this city from Mt. Vernon, O., gives an account of a glove fight, in the Kirk opera house at that place last Thursday, between Bob Farrell's unknown and Horton Hurley, a colored mute. They fought four separate three-minute rounds, Marquis of Queensbury rules. A well known sporting man of Mt. Vernon refereed, and Bob Farrell seconded the unknown, and Black Diamond, Hurley. The contest was very hot and exciting during the four rounds, and the referee declared the fight a draw.

Mr. Lewis W. Flenniken, Captain of our fire brigade, and boys' supervisor of this Institution, has resigned, and severed his connection here last Saturday. What his plans are for the future, we did not learn. His brother Frank has been appointed to succeed Lewis. Mr. Ira Crandon, formerly of Youngstown, and later of Springfield, O., stepped in quietly one evening last week, and is now installed in Frank Flenniken's place. Mr. Crandon is an old graduate, and a gentleman from whose appointment the Institution expects a great deal.

A genuine surprise party was tendered Mr. Edward T. King, of the bookbindery, at his boarding house on Oak Street, the home of Mr. J. C. Pier. About seventeen of his pupils were there gathered, who succeeded in making the evening a pleasant and enjoyable one in honor of Mr. King's birthday.

The venerable figure, of Trustee Swett was distinguished among those present at the literary entertainment in the chapel, and the sound of his gold headed cane vibrated at the conclusion of every successful performance.

Miss L. K. Thompson returned on Tuesday afternoon, last week, and reported her mother better and comfortable.

The wife of Mrs. J. C. Pier slipped and fell on the slippery stone steps, at the eastern entrance of the Institution, last week, and received a severe bruise at the knee.

Representative Ravey spent an afternoon with his old neighbor and friend Mrs. Joseph Leib, of this city, recently. Mr. Ravey is a very pleasant looking gentleman, and a frequent visitor at this Institution when Mrs. Leib, nee Reed, was a teacher.

The promised lecture of Rev. Mr. Anderson to our pupils was delivered in the chapel last Friday evening. Being on duty during that hour, we were deprived of the pleasure of taking notes of what they said was a very interesting lecture. Subject, "Reminiscences of the Civil War and its causes," interpreted by Rev. Mr. Talbott.

The Governor has designated Friday, April 18th next, as Arbor Day, and recommends the observance of the day for the planting of forest trees in Ohio.

One of our boys, Ed. H. Biggam, concluded to try kite flying by night on Saturday last. He had a small lantern made of a square skeleton frame covered with red paper opening

a hole in the top, within which was held up a lighted candle. There was a good wind, and attaching it to the tail of his kite it soon rose to such a height that on coming into the Institution yard, we came near taking the strange red object far up the sky for the star Venus.

F. C. Sessions, Esq., our late trustee, delivered a lecture before the Literary and Social Club of the Broad Street Congregational Church of this city. He was describing life in Russia, and having now reached Moscow, the ancient capital of Russia, that city containing at present a population of seven hundred thousand (700,000) inhabitants. Mr. Sessions told among other things how he came to find out that there was a deaf and dumb school in Moscow as follows:

"Near the entrance to the Kremlin by the Soankoi gate, is one of the most curious fantastic churches in the world, which is called St. Basil, and was built in 1554, by Ivan the Terrible. It has fifteen towers and the same number of chapels inside, and is painted outside with a variety of bright colors, green predominating, and the architect, so it is stated, had his eyes put out by Ivan so that he could not build another church like it. Napoleon ordered it destroyed, but it was saved. We never shall forget that on the day we visited it some fifty to seventy-five bright boys came in and most devoutly were offering their devotions in a solemn and graceful manner. As they enter the chapel they drop on to one knee, bowing the head to the pavement, crossing the breast frequently with the thumb and two fore-fingers of the right hand; as they return, they kneel and cross themselves. The boys were so bright and all dressed in linen suits with white caps and closely cut hair, that I asked our guide who they were. The superintendent who was with them, informed me that they were from the deaf and dumb school. I was glad to meet him and we conversed awhile as best we could through an interpreter, and he gave me a cordial invitation to visit the school at 3 o'clock p.m. All the schools of the deaf and dumb in Russia are taught to speak, and no instruction is given by signs whatever. There are similar schools in St. Petersburg and in Warsaw, which we visited. They claim that every deaf-mute can be taught to talk, and all the instruction is given orally.

NUMBER EIGHTY.

Criticising "a Queer Document."

(From the Mute's Companion.)

The "Seventeenth Annual Report of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes," in New York City, is a queer document. We give a few extracts:

"It cannot be denied that our boys, in spite of their power to articulate and read the lips, do not find places as apprentices as readily as hearing boys and girls, yet they experience far less difficulty in obtaining employment than the graduates of sign-schools. In the first place, the invariable habit of a student who has been taught to read lips is to speak, and he has a more refined, more intelligent appearance than he who has not acquired that power. When principals or teachers of sign-schools visit an institution where the oral method is used, they are invariably astonished at the pleasant and intelligent looks of the pupils as a class. There are of course some ladies and gentlemen, who although they have been taught to read lips, bear the stamp of culture and refinement on their countenances, yet if you compare the appearance of the generally articulating scholars with the dull, sullen, and unattractive looks of the pupils of sign-schools, you will find the difference to be as great as it is between the members of a congregation of a Fifth Avenue church and the inmates of a penitentiary. It is the refining and humanizing influence of speech which causes this—speech, the criterion which distinguishes man from the brute creation."

"Imagine a deaf-mute entering a shop, and in order to express his desire to obtain work, beginning to go through a series of gestures which nobody understands, or taking out a slate and pencil and commencing to write. Is it any wonder that the mechanic shrinks from undertaking the task of teaching him a trade? How is he to communicate with such an apprentice? He knows nothing of the language of signs, and communication by writing requires more time than he can afford to spend. Therefore, sign-teachers in general find it more tedious to teach signs to their pupils as a part of their education."

"The reason why more attention to work in shops is paid in institutions in this country than elsewhere is due to the fact that the law of the United States, deaf-mutes may be as old as twenty-five years when they enter the schools established for their benefit. Such grown up young men and women cannot spend their leisure hours in innocent games, like little children, so they must be put to work, in order to be kept out of mischief. Besides, some of them are too old to make much progress in school, and all that can be done with them is to employ them in the shops. This state of affairs is most manifest in new institutions. If an institution is opened in a new State or Territory, the persons in charge, in their eagerness to have a large attendance of scholars, are apt to gather up all the deaf-mutes that they can find, regardless of age or mental capacity. After a school has been established for many years and has become known, the parents of mutes are more likely to place their children in it at the proper school age."

"The desire to have a large number of pupils is too great, and often leads to the admission of pupils who are so deficient in mental ability that they more properly belong to an asylum for feeble-minded children. Being incapable of instruction, they must be put to work in shops."

It is hardly worth while to refute that ludicrous comparison of their own pupils to Fifth Avenue church goers and ours to penitentiary convicts; but, on the theory that the author is sincere, we feel a curiosity as to the grounds on which he bases his comparison. From his statements we gather that the pupils in his school are all very young; "the great majority of them enter the institution when they are seven or eight years old," and "none over fourteen years old are admitted." The principal has a very wide discretion as to the admission of pupils and does not hesitate to exclude children who are not likely to reflect credit upon the school. The principal says, with marked disapprobation, that the sign schools "are apt to gather up all the deaf-mutes they can find, regardless of age or mental capacity." This and other similar remarks are made with a stolid unconsciousness of their heartless nature as if he were speaking of a herd of cattle. It is a matter of pride with the sign schools that their doors are closed to none who can be benefited by them. The average age of the

pupils in the Minnesota School is less than fourteen years. The average in the Western States is nowhere much greater, while in the schools of older States it is much less. A small percentage of their pupils are youths who have grown almost to maturity neglected and abused by heartless or wrong-headed parents. Now an uneducated adult deaf-mute, especially if he has been ill treated, is apt to be "dull, sullen and uncouth." Justice, humanity and Christian charity, demand that these doubly unfortunate persons should be taught to read and write, instructed in moral and religious duties, given good trades and assisted to become self-supporting and self-respecting men and women. The comparison made in the report is based on nothing, but the fact that the sign schools receive and educate such youths and younger children who are mentally deficient, while the oral schools exclude them because, as the reports admits, they can do nothing with them. A comparison of children of the same age, schooling and mental calibre would, we are certain, be favorable to those whose minds are brightened by free and full intercourse with others, and unfavorable to those who can communicate with their playmates and teachers with difficulty, if at all.

The opinions and sympathies of people are shaped and colored a good deal by their surroundings and their habits. Our own surroundings have so shaped and colored our opinions and sympathies that we cannot think otherwise than that dull children need education more than bright ones, and should receive the greater share of the teacher's attention. The inability, so manifest in this report, to realize the claims of backward children and neglected youths, or to perceive any purpose in educating them other than "the desire to have a large number of pupils," is from our point of view, anything but a commendable quality in the head of a school.

As for the arguments in opposition to the teaching of trades, which make up more than half the principal's report they are not worth refuting. The rapidly growing public opinion everywhere in favor of industrial education of hearing and speaking children, is but a pace behind the opinion that caused the establishment of training shops in schools for the deaf. Horace Greeley's reasoning in favor of such training schools, clinched by the statement that there were thirty thousand college graduates in New York who were hardly able to earn their living, is unanswerable.

NEW YORK.

James Russell, president of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, is to be married to Miss Katie Ticknor, of Albany, N. Y., next month (April).

A debate took place before the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, last Wednesday evening, March 12th, on the following question: "Are Signs preferable to Articulation in instructing deaf-mutes?" The articulation method is preferred by the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, as it captured the great est member of votes.

"Richelieu" shamefully abused President Wilkinson in a recent issue of the *Journal*, but it seems he has eaten his words, as if, as he says, the retiring president's speech was given from notes furnished by the speakers, it shows that the retiring president possesses his full quota of brains.

Mr. John F. O'Brien and Miss M. A. Kinney, of New York City, visited the Barnum and London Show at Madison Square Garden, last Saturday, 15th.

There is some talk of a debate between the Manhattan Literary Association and the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, at the chapel of the New York Institution, for the benefit of the Peet Bust Fund. The affair is to be held under the auspices of the Fanwood Literary Association, and will take place some Saturday evening.

It will probably interest "Harry Fielding" to know that the American reprint edition of "Munu," (Standard Library Edition,) was set up by a deaf-mute of New York City, on a steam type-setting machine.

Miss Rachel McIlvane, John Lloyd Jr., Miss C. B. Felver and J. P. Donohue were seen at the Barnum and London Shows, last Saturday evening.

X.

Indiana Notes.

Our Institution "artist," Mr. Caldwell, has been taking single pictures and "groups" of the masquerade of February 23d, as well as some of the classes in the school-rooms. Some of the pictures are on their way to "My Michigan." Indiana has quite a regiment of "pretty belles" among the school girls, and as modest as they are pretty.

Small Pox is prevailing to an alarming extent in Indianapolis. The Institution is quarantined, and has been for a month.

Miss Stella Coe, formerly of this city, is now located in Detroit, having obtained a good position somewhere up there.

Quarterly examination begins this week.

The new Car Works, back of the Indiana Institution, are looming up. "We Six," of Chicago, pack your "grip sacks" and come this way September next. Splendid wages and good board.

SNOW BOUND.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

MAGNIFIED ELECTROLYSIS.

The Lit.

MARGINALIA.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Prof. Gordon delivered his fourth lecture on Saturday evening, in College Hall, instead of in the laboratory. The lecture consisted of a series of experiments, illustrating the principles of electrolysis, or analysis of substances by means of electricity, the stereopticon lantern being used to magnify the different processes. A list of the experiments, sixteen in all, with brief explanations of the principal ones was projected on the screen from a number of glass plates, prepared for the purpose, and was a sufficient guide to those who had followed the previous lectures of the course.

After illustrating the great power of the galvanic battery employed, the professor threw a series of gigantic projections upon the screen, illustrating the analysis of water and of solutions of salts, of tin, lead and silver. The solutions analyzed were contained in a small glass reservoir three by four inches, but this, projected on the screen, appeared like an immense transparent tank, and the activity with which the electricity worked was sometimes fearful to behold, so greatly was it magnified.

The reactions of acids and alkalies on litmus water was next illustrated, the liquid at first colorless and transparent, changing to light green, deep purple, or brilliant red, according as alkalies or acids were added to the solution. The action of the aniline dyes, maroon, magenta, mauve, phosphine, etc., was beautifully exhibited, and won much applause. The experiments closed with an illustration of the intensity of the heat of the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe flame, iron wire melting and burning like so much wood, and emitting a brilliant shower of fiery stars.

The galvanic battery, employed in a manner substantially like the above—that is, in electrolysis, is a most powerful agent in chemical research. It led to the discovery of several important elements, among them sodium and potassium, and is now employed in analyses which require peculiar delicacy. It is also the basis of electro-metallurgy, or electro-plating and electrotyping.

The lecture was a most interesting one. Prof. Gordon certainly deserves our thanks, for the preparations for his lectures have required much time and a great deal of patient labor. Three weeks were taken up to prepare for the last lecture—in experimenting and preliminary operations, extracting the coloring matter from vegetables, reducing metals to salts and these to solutions, making and perfecting apparatus, preparing the calcium light used with the lantern, etc. His preparations were so well conducted that the experiments, on Saturday night, were a perfect success. Probably it will prove the last lecture of the course, the examinations being so near as to preclude further experiments.

The Lit held its last meeting for the term in the Lyceum, on Friday night. The programme opened with an essay on "Shoes," by Mr. Berg, '86, who, being himself a disciple of St. Crispin, showed that theory is not always adverse to practice, and gave an interesting history of this most necessary adjunct to modern civilization, from the sandals of Pharaoh down to the pointed "too utterly utter" footwear of the modern dude.

"Resolved, That the Crusades gave a greater impulse to civilization than the Reformation," was the subject of the debate that followed. The contestants were Messrs. Lyons, '87, and Bull, '88, on the affirmative, and Messrs. Comstock, '87, and Goldberg, '88, on the negative; and, though the debate was rather tame, the advocates of the Crusades, couched their lances and tilted so effectively that they unhorsed their opponents, and were awarded the prize. This is the first debate decided under the new rules, and the thing seems to work well. The dialogue of the evening was between Messrs. Gross, '88, and Robertson, '88, and was entitled, "The Student and the Graduate." An impressive declamation of "The Polish Boy," by Mr. Dantzen, '86, closed the exercises.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The *Protectionist* appears regularly on file in the Reading Room.

Books for the third term have been ordered by the Seniors and Juniors.

Mrs. John Donnell of the city, has been ill for several weeks, and is at present in a serious condition.

Mr. Sawyer, a member of the Board of Directors of the Western Pennsylvania School, visited the College on Monday, and was shown through the class rooms by Dr. Gallaudet.

A sure sign of Spring—the perfume of the Orangeblossom wafted abroad through the columns of last week's *Journal*.

Two students of the Virginia Episcopal High-School called at the Green the other day, ostensibly to have a look at the Gymnasium. They came, saw, and were conquered, and were not slow in expressing their admiration for the facilities we Kendallites have of keeping "a sound mind in a sound body."

Disputations on points of theology and morality season, the meals at the Seniors' table. A certain Freshie who

has clerical aspirations generally sets the ball rolling by his attempts to refute the skeptical views of the Nestors of the College.

The Kendall Athletics might as well start a boating club of their own, and enter a crew at the coming inter-Collegiate regatta. "We have every facility" as far as water is concerned, the middle of the Campus being covered by a miniature Lake Quinsigamond—a result of the quasi deluge with which we were recently visited.

Prof. Hotchkiss is on one of the Committees having the preparations for the coming meet of the League of American Wheelmen in charge.

The electric light from the dome of the Capitol announced a night session of Congress, on Friday evening last. One of the students went to see the show, and reports an empty house.

The Seniors have been holding long confabulations with Prof. Porter on a very weighty subject—their May-day orations.

Some Soph who has burnt the midnight oil over Shakespeare, as required by our Professor of English Literature, astonished the community on Saturday by posting a gigantic "Beware the Ides of March" on the bulletin board. Our College course took the warning to heart, and is alive and kicking so far.

To day is the glorious "seventeenth"—the fete-day of Erin's patron saint. We have often wondered, by the way, how it comes that history is so far in error that, while it avers that good Saint Pat drove all snakes from his island, it yet happens that many of his devout countrymen occasionally find the critters in their boots. Can "Comoe" explain?

The Vespers are waking up, and begin to cast tender glances at their tennis rackets. As soon as April's sun has done away with that lake in the campus, they will once more mark out their courts, and stretch their nets and make things generally lively. The club will meet for reorganization Saturday after next.

The base ball men have not been idle, but have taken regular practice in the Gymnasium and bowling alley. Two students of the High Class have been admitted to the club, and will occupy prominent places in the in-field.

In the Friday Lit, Prof. Porter exhibited an old crayon drawing by Ponte de Bassano, a distinguished Venetian artist of the sixteenth century. The drawing is a first sketch or study for a large painting, "The Crowning of the Doge of Venice," and is valuable as a curiosity, being over 300 years old. The professor is a connoisseur in such subjects, and has a large collection of fine engravings and sketches, many of them rare and valuable, and purchased during his travels in Europe.

Bills are, at present, pending in Congress, defining the routes of the several steam railways through the city. One of them, the "Morill bill," provides that the Baltimore & Ohio shall remove its tracks from Ivy City on, and striking eastward enter the city by the same route as the Baltimore & Potomac. The present track, by which the B. & O. enters the city, runs by the eastern fence of the Green, and crosses 7th and K streets, two blocks from the college, and is a nuisance, generally. About one hundred property owners of Northeast Washington, among them Dr. Gallaudet, holding a meeting on Wednesday night, discussing the projected removal. The Doctor introduced a series of resolutions, endorsing and urging the passage of the Morrill bill, and was elected Chairman of a Committee to lay the matter before the District Commissioners.

A certain senior mourns the loss of a rubber shoe. According to his own version, he encountered King Mud, while coming home across commons, late on Friday night, and could only save himself with difficulty, leaving the field minus his rubber, and thus escaping the fate of being mired, and serving some 15,000 years hence in an Anthropoid museum, side by side with the *porcus Americanus*, as the only extant fossil specimen of some extinct kind of Kangaroo or two-handed monkey.

According to another version (advanced by a Junior), the loss of that shoe was but an inevitable result of the laws of gravitation, as explained by Prof. Draper. For on the authority of that Junior, somebody bearing a suspicious likeness to the Senior in question was seen to enter the College gate at one o'clock a.m., gesticulating the familiar "we won't come home till morning," and coming to the terrace, to dance such a wild can-can with the College lamp-post that the shoe, as in duty bound, yielded to the laws of centrifugal force, and flew off into space, alighting in the identical spot where it fell, and where it can be found, provided it is still there.

HARRY FIELDING.

IN MEMORIAM.

At the meeting of Salem Society of Deaf Mutes, held at their rooms Friday evening, March 14, 1884, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz:—

WHEREAS, Almighty and all wise God has removed from our Society Samuel F. Southwick; therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is a just tribute to the departed to say that, in regretting his removal from our midst, we mourn the loss of one who has taken great interest in the welfare of the silent people.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased on the dispensation with which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them, and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things meet in mercy.

Resolved, That the heartfelt sympathy and sorrow of our Society be extended to the family of our departed friend in their affliction.

Resolved, That a copy hereof be transmitted to the family of our deceased friend, and to the DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

WILLIAM BAILEY, Clerk.

NEW JERSEY INSTITUTION.

Death on the Rail.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Visitors are legion with us just now, and we would neither have the time nor space to write anything else should we attempt to chronicle each one of them. The Legislature, Senators, resident citizens, and people of every profession and creed, throughout almost every section of the State, are continually dropping in.

On opening days in October, James Sherry, a former pupil of the Buffalo Institution, was placed here by his parents. The transfer, it appears, was not congenial to his tastes, as he made his exit as soon as the form of his honored sire disappeared from view. When his absence became known, Prof. Jenkins immediately informed his friends and the proper authorities, who at once began search. But the promising (?) youth eluded their vigilance entirely, and the idea that he had been drowned began to be entertained, when somewhat over a week ago it was put to a sudden flight by a telegram being received, saying he had been run over by a train in Penn., and asking where to send the body. This is another name added to the long list of railroad victims, and this death is rendered doubly sad by the nature of the circumstances under which it happened—that of wilful disobedience and ingratitude to his kind parents.

In returning from a promenade one afternoon last week which had been brought to an expedite termination on account of the unfavorable state of walking caused by the recent heavy rains, we were met by a certain young lady friend who gayly informed us that she was bent on the same recreations we had just indulged in. But after hearing of the annoyance we had experienced, she stood for a few moments irresolute, then suddenly announced her determination of going. Seeing that any further efforts to dissuade her would be fruitless, we remained silent, and consoled ourselves with wishing her joy (?), as we saw her walk off to accomplish her laudable purpose. It did not surprise us, sometime after, when she returned, well dowered with mementos of mother earth, or to hear that at one of the street crossings she had suddenly, without warning, sunk into a deep rut when she found herself a prisoner. While in this exceedingly enviable position, a modern Sir Walter Raleigh came to her rescue, and after not a little difficulty, succeeded in placing her safely on the side-walk, and on further assistance being declined he departed with a bow, which we are most emphatically assured was perfectly *distinction*. Nothing so refreshingly romantic has come to our knowledge for a long time, and we await the sequel with the liveliest impatience, and have no doubts but what this adventure will have the effect of being a great inducement to the timid to venture out when we are again favored with similar walking.

The well known and popular lecturer, Mr. Stoddard, has been giving his serial lectures here in Trenton, and our Institution has been well represented at them. It is difficult to determine which one of these lectures have been most appreciated, but the one in which he chose for his subject, "Paris, the Pleasure City of the World," won the largest attendance, if not the laurel wreath. The illustrations included many points of interest in that city, scenes on the Boulevard, the Louvre, Luxembourg Castle and Garden, the Captive Balloon, the Grand Opera House, etc., etc.

A young gentleman employed as clerk at the State House, who lost his hearing at the age of nineteen, and who has ever since been obliged to carry on his conversations through writing, is now taking private lessons in lip-reading.

St. Patrick's day was observed in the customary enthusiastic manner by our fair sisters and brave brothers of the Emerald Isle.

Many of the pupils attended service at the respective Churches, of their denomination Sunday.

Prof. Jenkins is giving lessons in the sign language to Rev. Father Dominic, Professor in the St. Francis College. The reverend gentleman seems deeply interested in the mutes, and anxious to become familiar with signs and manual alphabet.

A class in German has been formed, consisting of Professor Jenkins, Misses Ely, Yard and Wright, the last named lady being the daughter of our esteemed Steward.

A Bible class will in all probability be organized for deaf-mute residents, of Trenton, by Rev. Dr. Neilson of the Episcopal Church, in April.

Miss Annie Bryan received a pleasant call from Miss Ella Dillingham Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Ewin passed Saturday and Sunday at her home in Camden, and made her little girl happy by lots of pretty things.

Miss S. C. Howard is ill at her home in Gotham.

The friends here of Prof. T. Fox, were delighted to see him on the 8th inst.

RREA.

NOTICE.

The Deaf-Mutes of Tarrytown, N. Y., and vicinity, are cordially invited to a sign-service in St. Marks Church, Tarrytown, Sunday next, March 23d, at 4:30 p.m. Rev. Mr. J. Chamberlain is expected to preach.

